

Church News.

WEST SIDE MISSION.

Last night as we were coming back from the street meeting I remembered that I must write a letter for all who are interested in the work here and also for those who are not, but will read and become interested. The thought came to me, what shall I write first? As we came near the Mission we heard some one weeping. Our sympathy and anxiety was aroused. I heard a sister say, "there she comes now." We stepped to the door, and a lady (a stranger to me and yet not a stranger) grasped hold of me, and cried out, "Oh, my Lizzie is lost, what shall I do? Can you help me? We cannot find her at all. Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie." I had never met the mother. I asked, "Lizzie who?" They said, "Lizzie Krumhouse." I knew her then. She is one of our bright Sunday-school girls and Juniors in the primary class. Sister Maude Reed assists me in teaching them. My heart bled for the little one and for the mother.

We seemed helpless to do anything, and time to begin our services too. But one of the ladies went with her to give the alarm at the police station that a thorough search might be made for her.

She said, "will you pray for me to find my only little girl?" We went in and took it all to the Lord in prayer.

As soon services were over Brother Duke and I started to find the home. With a little difficulty we found it. The father and mother sat weeping. Had found no trace yet. We tried to comfort them, asking God to help them find her. There are two sons in the home who were frightened and worried about their sister. Soon a man came and said, "come, a child is found at Taylor and Pauline streets." The father went and we stayed with the mother. We talked to her and said it might be a mistake and be some other little girl, but hoped that it might be Lizzie. We waited till nearly midnight. They came back, but no little girl. It was not her. One lost in the great city is hard to find.

STREET MEETINGS.

The other evening we went over to Harrison street to hold our street meeting. Had a large crowd, just in front of a saloon. While we were singing and talking a woman came across the street and listened a moment, then called us, "Oh, what a pack of liars," and stepping up on the sidewalk and passing through the crowd, she again said, "that's a gang of sinners," and her voice died out of hearing. The meeting went right along. Attention was given us and we had a good

meeting, just as we always have, unless it is stormy. But while the meeting was going on we noticed quite a young man listening very closely. A man came out of the saloon and sneaking up to him said something to him and went back in the saloon, but the boy stayed. Soon two men came, and creeping up to him, took hold of him and dragged him into the saloon. What their object was we do not know, but we do know it was not for any good.

There are saloons all around us, and the enemy is hard to fight. I once saw a sign over a saloon like this: First there was in large letters "SALOON" over the door, which was *intended* to be there, but above that was these words, "Stop Fool." As I read these two signs I thought, how true that is. (The last one had evidently been put up by some one else.) Saloon means Stop, Fool.

We can scarcely go out on the street without seeing some one with a pitcher or pail of beer. We do not even need to go out of the house to see that, though. So many little children are sent for beer and liquor and we are powerless to do much. Often when we are having our open air meetings there are a number of pails or pitchers of beer there, too. Some will be a little shy about letting it be seen and others do not care.

Well, the next night while at 12th street a lady listened and walked around and had a good look at the workers, or those who took part in the service. She dropped this remark, "these people are doing God's service. May the Lord bless them to do good." And He *is*, praise His holy name. We are sowing seed. Some day will be the harvest.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

The other afternoon a man was driving along just a little ways north of us. A little boy had climbed on the back part of the wagon. The wagon jolted and jarred so that the little fellow tumbled off and fell with his head over the street-car track. As he fell the car was there and could not stop, but dashed madly over the child, severing his head from his body. The father was called from his grocery a few steps from where his bleeding boy lay. He ran and picked up the head of his already dead boy. Parties took the body and head to the morgue, instead of letting the father have it taken home. It is very sad indeed. We know not how soon we will be called to go. Let us be ready.

ASKING FOR BREAD.

A little girl came to the door and asked Sister McFaden if she could give her a little piece of bread to take home,—a little

hungry, ragged child of about eight years, but as it happened she had not the bread to spare. Her basket was filled with other things however. We found where she lived and sent her home rejoicing. We made some inquiry about them. We have been able to give them a helping hand. The little girl comes right along to the Mission. She is a nice, well-behaved girl.

The next was a young girl of about 16 or 17 years. Her mother is a widow, sick, and has four children beside herself. We saw that she needed help and it was given to her. They live quite a ways from here, so she had to make two trips. They were so thankful for something to eat. The mother is much better now and will soon be able to work. The daughter is not strong and is very nervous. Work is picking up a little and a few have work part of the time, others all the time.

Two young men on the street were heard debating whether it was any good to go to "384" or not. They had a tract, the "Arched Gate." One fellow said, "Let's go up there to that Mission to-night!" The other said, "Oh, that ain't any good." "Have you been up to see?" "No, but what's a mission?" One of our sisters, passing them, told them that she spoke from experience and that it was some good, and kindly invited them to come out.

Brother Mackey and wife from the Star of Hope Mission; also a Miss Albertson, made the Mission a very pleasant visit, and Brother Mackey did the preaching, and Miss A. sang a sweet hymn. I, with several of the ladies visited the Kirkland Mission last Saturday night. I was pressed into service and had to be "spokesman." Had a splendid meeting and pleasant visit. That was the first Mission that I have visited since our own little Mission started, but it does us good to go out and see others. I heard one of the sisters telling Brother Mc. that she was satisfied to stay at home. She said, "give me our little Mission; I am contented."

Last week two young men and a young lady accepted Christ. Time will tell whether they will bend their footsteps with us or some other flock that is journeying heavenward. One young man, a few days before that came, and many requests for prayer are made. Pray for them that they may accept Christ and his doctrine.

Last night, May 11, brother Than. Eastabrooks preached for us. The other boys had their night to hold a meeting about a week ago. All did very well. They had gathered good seed from that best of Books and scattered it "broad-